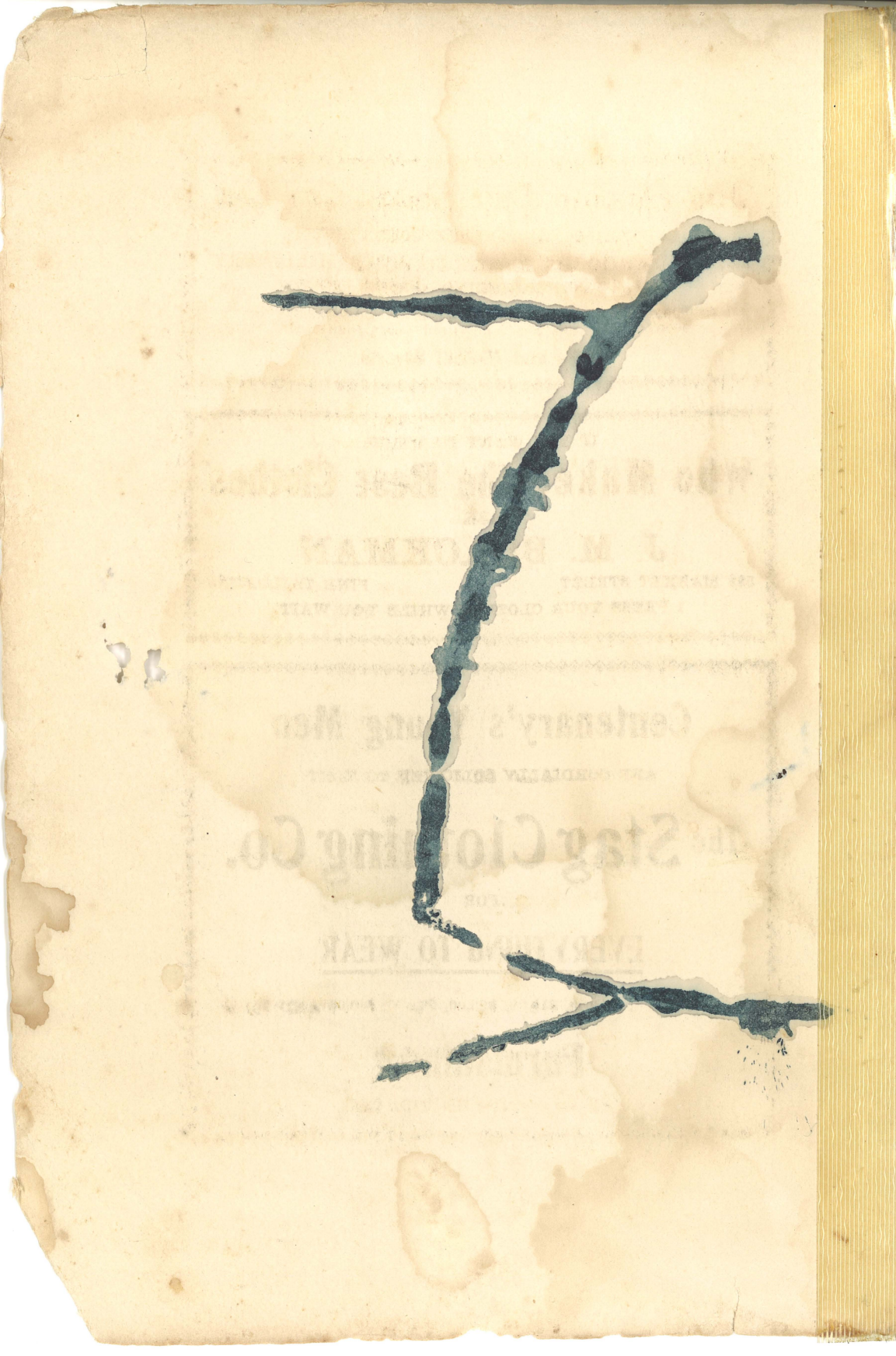


The Maroon and White

NOVEMBER, 1909



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Official Journal of Centenary College. Published Monthly by the Students

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

(1809-1849.)

Compared with the other American Poets, Edgar Allan Poe stands out practically alone. The reckless life that Poe lived is in direct contrast to the standard set up by the American writers, but in his position he draws a great number of admirers. Nothing but his brilliancy of intellect and the extraordinary ability he shows as a poet, critic and novelist holds him up as he comes in contact with the prevailing influence.

Poe is considered our most interesting literary man. He was a born writer. His very nature bent toward the expression of lofty and weird imaginations in rhythmic and alliterate language. But he lacked moral principle. His parents being actors, he naturally inherited a restless spirit, and as they were people of culture, to them also might be attributed, to a certain degree, his genius. At the age of two, his parents having died, he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond. Being brought up by an indulgent man, it is no wonder that he acquired habits in his youth which he was never able to correct. For six years he attended school in England, becoming proficient in French and Latin. His education after he left England was short and marked with a great deal of trouble. For a short time at each place he attended the University of Virginia and West Point, being expelled from the latter. While in college he was a good athlete, not diligent in his studies, and was never popular among his fellow-students. At all times, it is said, he was conscious of his superior mental abilities. Aside from his gambling and carousing while in college, it might be inferred from the character of his works that he did a great deal of parallel reading, especially from the Latin authors. Poe published two sets of poems before his college life was forever ended. One of these he published about a year after leaving the University of Virginia; the other directly after leaving West Point. The first set received little or

no attention, the other received a great deal of praise from the students of West Point, but was hardly heard of elsewhere.

His expulsion from West Point forever ended his connection with Mr. Allan. He was then a young man of 20, with no other resources than what he could earn by writing. He moved to Richmond and began a literary career unparalleled in the history of American literature. In 1833 he won a prize of \$100 offered for the best prose story. The title of his story was, "A Ms. Found in a Bottle." This brought him some attention, and in 1835 he secured employment with the "Southern Literary Messenger." It was while with this magazine that Poe did his best work as critic. In a few months he was dismissed on account of his irregular habits. Later on he was with the "Gentleman's Magazine," and then in 1841 he was editor of "Graham's Magazine," which position he held only eighteen months.

In 1845, while he was sub-editor of the "Evening Mirror," he published his greatest poem, "The Raven." The appearance of this poem was accompanied by a storm of applause. "The Raven" is typical of Poe's life and manner in that it deals with a melancholy state of existence. A raven, having learned the one word "nevermore," and having escaped from its owner, one night seeks admission at the window of a student occupied half in poring over a volume, half dreaming of a deceased mistress. He throws open the casement and allows the bird to enter. The student in a half-amusing way questions the raven and receives the answer "nevermore." He then propounds such questions to the bird as will bring the most luxury of sorrow through the anticipated word, "nevermore." The most beautiful lines in "The Raven" are these:

"Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

At first reading one would conclude that "The Raven" is popular merely for its musical effect. This is not the case. In this poem Poe has put his very life, and to become thoroughly familiar with the spirit of the student is to become familiar with the spirit that characterized Poe's life.

In the same year that he published "The Raven," Poe published an entire edition of his poems. Among those that embody the highest poetic achievement are, "The Raven," "Lenore," "Ulalume," "The Bells," "Annabel Lee," "The

Haunted Palace," "The Conqueror Worm," "The City on the Sea," "Eulalie," and "Israfel." It has been said that so large a literary fame has rarely ever rested on so small a number of poems. Early in life Poe maintained that a poem should be short and musical. Having a strong artistic sense, he was able to master form perfectly. His poems are onomatopoeic and contain alliteration, assonance and repetition.

In 1847, Poe's wife, whom he loved most tenderly, died. After her death he was never at himself again. How fittingly do these lines in "Annabel Lee" fit the circumstance:

"And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

From this time until the time of his death he resorted to stimulents. He died on the streets of Baltimore October 7th, 1849.

ASHLEY WILLIAMS WARLICK.

John Merton's Son.

"I tell you, for the first and last time, I am not going to help you in this senseless fad you're taking up. If, after reconsideration, you decide to drop it and follow the profession your father and grandfather have followed, you'll have all of the co-operation that I am able to give you."

This expression was made by John Merton, the recognized head of the leading law firm in one of the largest eastern cities. Henry Merton, his son, a young man of 20, had just completed his education at a law school. He found law dull and wished to pursue his favorite study, electricity.

The young man left the office in a sad frame of mind. The fact that his father would not relent made him more determined not to give up. He immediately left the city and entered an electrical college. There followed two years of hard work, but as his time was well occupied he forgot his trouble and became more and more enthusiastic in his studies.

At the end of this period he was offered a position as operator in an important Marconi wireless station on the coast of New England, and he immediately accepted. Here he improved so rapidly in his work, that in a year or two he was looked upon as the most trusted employee in the station. Whenever the sky was threatening and there were prospects of rough weather, Henry Merton was called to sit before the key and direct the movements of the great ocean liners. Thus he was ready to respond to the call of a disabled steamer by calling

some other vessel which might be cruising in neighboring seas.

One night in December, when a storm was sweeping over the coast, young Merton was before his keyboard with eyes and ears strained to catch any call that might be sent to him. Having been in this position twelve hours, the exertion was beginning to tell on him. His eyes were heavy and there was a droop about his shoulders. The assistant operator at last ventured a comment, but it was not heard by the young man, for he was watching with renewed interest the powerful instrument before him. Was it his imagination that caused him to hear a faint call? No, this could not be, because the call was repeated again and again, faintly but steadily. It was some ship either just entering a signaling radius or one badly disabled. He finally made out that it was a distress signal and that the boat was the "Macedon." His hand flew to the keyboard and the following message read. "Have heard call, give position and condition." The answer came back, "Disabled, longitude 67°, latitude 430. Water almost to dynamo." Could it be the ship had floundered, or had the water risen above the dynamo and cut off the electric current? He instantly gave the international signal.

Far out in the Atlantic the call was picked up by the "Savannah." In a few minutes she was headed toward the stranded ship. Three hours after young Merton received a message from the "Savannah," that the people were rescued and the ship bound for the nearest harbor.

Leaving his office he went to his room, and took a long-needed rest. A few days after as he went into his office he was handed a letter, on the opening of which he saw the following note:

"My Dear Son—Am stopping at the Monroe Hotel, see me at once. YOUR FATHER."

My Initiation Into Country Sports.

Several years ago we moved to the country. Having been brought up in the city, I knew nothing of country sports. So, when I heard the boys talk about "gigging," I was naturally curious to know something about it. They soon learned of my utter ignorance of the sport, and at once it was proposed that we go the next night.

The two negroes, Dave and Ed, who were the best experts in the neighborhood, were asked to go with us. The next day I spent preparing for the hunt. As Cousin Bob was not going, I procured his gig. After supper, carrying my gig and an old head-lamp which I had found on the place, I went up to the

old mill shed, where I found the others waiting.

Jerry and John Edwards, boys from the neighboring plantation, my Cousin Hal and I, and the two negroes composed the party. Ed had brought with him a lot of fat pine for torches and a sack in which to "tote" the fish. Each one being armed with a gig, we started off, Hal leading the way. We soon reached the side of the lake and began working around it. We had to walk very carefully so as not to disturb the water. Everything was quiet save the croaking of a bull-frog far down the lake and now and then the shrill screech of an owl, all of which caused cold chills to creep up my back.

After lighting the torches, we took off our shoes and socks and rolled up our trousers. We cautiously stepped into the water, and the sport began. Ed was the first to catch a fish, but it was a "grinnel" and not good to eat. Cousin Hal next got a large spotted perch. "Dat's a fine 'un," exclaimed Dave, "I wants one jest like 'im." Sure enough, he made a swift thrust with his gig and held up a fine fish.

Presently I saw something wiggling toward us, but not knowing what it was I said nothing about it. Soon we heard a yell and Ed leaped up and out to the bank. "I'm gone! I'm gone!" he yelled, "It bit me! Snake! snake!" He was now rolling on the ground in apparent agony. Jerry noticed something stick up from the water. He struck quickly and held up a big crooked black stick. Ed jumped up and seeing what it was, said, "My 'magination done bit me, I shorely tho't dat was a snake an' my time had come." This delayed us a while, but before we stopped we had gigged a good many fine fish.

On our way home John showed us an old nest with about sixty eggs in it. We broke them all but two, which we carried to Cousin Bob. We next came to a small footlog crossing the bayou, which leads out of the lake. Dave started to cross over. When about half way he said, "Watch me cut de pijin' wing. I'ze a perffessional log walker." His feet being wet, he slipped into the water. He got up, and wiping the water from his eyes, crawled out. Jerry said, "Pride goeth before destruction. He's a wiser and a wetter nigger now."

It was late when we reached home, but we were happy when on our soft beds, we dreamed of fish, snakes and ghosts, which Uncle Richard declared were walking the railroad track at night.

Many times have I been "gigging" since, but never have I enjoyed myself more than on this occasion—my initiation.

L. P. W.

Lutelm B Whittington

The Maroon and White

Entered at the Postoffice Shreveport, La., as Second-Class Matter.

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MISS DOROTHY MAY WEBER.....	EXCHANGE EDITOR
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W. C. HONEYCUTT.....	LOCAL EDITOR
MISS RUTH KESSINGER.....	CLASS REPORTER
AYLMER W. WYCHE.....	ATHLETIC EDITOR

VOL. VIII.

SHREVEPORT, LA., NOVEMBER, 1909.

NO. II

EDITORIALS.

We have received in the last week or two weeklies from Tulane, L. S. U., Henderson College and the University of North Carolina. These papers are snappy and treat in a lively manner the different activities of college life. Nothing would be more pleasing to us than to be able to put forward such a representative. But since we are not financially able to do so, we want to send out the Maroon and White in such form as will do credit to our college as a literary and all 'round active institution. With the help of the students, old students and alumni, we will have a magazine that will do credit to the memory of Old Centenary.

Take Notice!!

Only the highest grade firms advertise with us. To those whom we think do not sell reputable goods we do not go for advertisements. NOW STUDENTS, patronize those who patronize us. When you need clothing, notice the advertisements and go to those who have helped us. WE WISH AGAIN to call attention to our advertisements for the benefit of the OUT OF TOWN SUBSCRIBERS. When coming to town to shop mention the Maroon and White as the advertising agent.

One of the worst things a person can do is to neglect to cultivate his memory. The memory can be developed the same as any other faculty. Do not be an intellectual beggar.

College Athletics.

Last year a certain lady left her whole estate to Swathmore College on condition that it abolish intercollegiate athletics forever. This led to an argument into which entered

President Eliot, President Butler and others of equal standing. Some said that more students would take interest in athletics if they were practiced for their own sake within the college, instead of putting forth a few for exhibition to the public. Others took the position that intercollegiate athletics are necessary to recruit the entering classes. However, what affects one college probably does not affect another. The best way to secure students is to put forward good football, tennis, basketball, track and baseball teams.

"Huffy" has folded his tent and departed to the region of sunshine and kisses. We regret very much to lose from our ranks Ellis A. Hoffpauir, who during his stay at C. C. L. has done so much to put forward the work promoting college spirit. "Huffy" was an active member of the Union Literary Society, manager of the football team and the "Maroon and White." Let us wish him the best of success in his new field of labor.

"In pace vivat."

It is a mistake to think that old men are not as useful as men in the prime of life. Younger men may excel where greater physical strength is required, but the older men excel where wisdom figures.

Socrates is represented to us by some authorities as an idle questioner. If such is the requisite of a modern philosopher, there ought to be some famous men in Centenary—possibly a teacher.

Nothing has more influence on a person than his surroundings. His sensibilities are in great degree determined by the quality of that environment of which he is a part. Could such poetry have flowed from the pen of Chaucer, Milton, Wordsworth or Burns, had there been no beautiful and picturesque isle? America is rich in landscape. From the Great Lakes on the north to the Gulf on the south, and from ocean to ocean the nature of our country is such as will soften and inspire. Yet in a moment as it were we have allowed the beauty of our water fronts to be marred by vast money-making schemes. In a moment our vast forests have been cleared away. At times the beauties of Nature seem withheld from use and converted into money-making traps. In some parts of our country people are already beginning to protest those things which affect the intellect and character through the tastes.

We are glad to welcome Dr. Weber into our midst again. His health has improved considerably and he reports that he had a nice trip. The Doctor seems well pleased with the condition of things and says that he is proud of the way his boys have behaved themselves during his absence. He says he is also proud of the behavior of the football boys, reports of Centenary's clean athletics coming to him from outside the college circles.

—o—

During the century, education seems to have changed its aim and consequently its form. The aim of education has ceased to be that piety of mind and heart which seemed to necessarily involve withdrawal from the world and its activities. The aim of education is culture, efficiency and power. Culture is an acquaintance with the varied aspects of civilization which is gained by a study of the past conditions that have affected the progress of civilization. Efficiency is the trained capacity to lay hold of life at some definite point and to express one's nature in terms of accomplishment. Power is the strength gained by a consciousness of sufficient culture and efficiency.

It is our intention to run in each issue of "The Maroon and White" the biography of some American author. We want also during the year to publish some essays.

Dormitory Rules.

(With apologies to the dispensers of doughballs and zip).

1. Board: Fifteen dollars a square foot.
2. Do not eat your soup with a fork.
3. Students wishing to rise early in the morning can have either self-raising flour or yeast for supper.
4. Should you find part of a dog collar in your sausage, kindly return it to the cook.
5. Do not worry about your board bills; the college is supported by its foundations.
6. Separate tables for lunatics, rubbernecks and football players.

A Brother's Privilege.

Said the maid, "I'll stop calling you 'Mr.'
I will be—not your wife—but your sr."

Said the man, "I feel proud,

For a brother's allowed

To do thus:"—and he caught her and kr.—Ex.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

Judge A. J. Murff, president of the Alumni Association of Centenary College, has authorized the editor of this department to announce that the Association will give a medal each commencement for oratory. The conditions under which the contest will be held are to be determined by Dr. Weber, or in his absence by Prof. Hinton, acting president. The medal which will be gold and of a suitable design, will be given to that student of the Collegiate Department who shall, in the opinion of a committee of judges properly selected, deliver the best original oration in public. It will take the place of the McGehee medal which was given so long at the old Centenary, and will be known as the Alumni Medal for Oratory.

The McGehee medal was the highest honor a student of old Centenary could strive for, and the Alumni Association, wishing to show an interest in the present student body, is offering this medal in the hope that it will promote good speaking, and that it will be something worth while for the student to strive for. The day of the orator has not passed and never will pass, and the student who can speak in public when called on, will be at a greater advantage than the one who is dumb on the platform.

The conditions will be announced later.

* * * *

The writer, although a member of the Union Literary Society at Jackson, regrets to note that the Franklin Institute was not re-established also. Two literary societies are much better than one, although there are not many members, in that they promote rivalry between them, with the result that practically every student joins one. Where only one society exists, there is not the incentive for its members to work for new members; but when two societies are trying to get new members, they keep after those who do not join until they finally land them. I would like to see some of the students re-establish the Franklin Institute. Both societies could meet on Friday night in different class rooms, and you will find that it will do the Union Literary Society a lot of good. The contestants of the McGehee medal were selected through the two literary societies. Each society had three public debates during the session, and at each debate the judges designated the debater who did the best, and the six so selected contested for the medal at commencement time. If there were two societies in the college now, that would be the best way to select the contestants for the Alumni medal. Centenary has turned out some very fine orators, and they had their training in the societies. I don't

know how long these two societies existed, but legend says that during the Civil War the Yankees cut up the carpet on the floor of the Franklin hall, but left the Union hall intact, thinking that the name indicated sympathy for the Union cause. They were both established before the war.

* * * *

Among the old Centenary students who are now located in Shreveport may be mentioned W. E. Noel, manager and principal owner of Noel Bros. & Company, Limited, on lower Texas street. Will Noel came to the college from Mooringsport with his brother, J. S. Noel, Jr., deceased, and for whom the Noel Chapel is named, about 1894, and remained through two or three sessions. He still remembers the old days pleasantly.

* * * *

Paul Borron, '01, is a lawyer in Plaquemine, La. He was an enthusiastic member of the old Union Literary Society, was its president two or three times, and represented Centenary in intercollegiate debates with L. S. U. and Millsaps.

* * * *

Dr. O. B. Hicks, who was Acting Coroner during the absence of Dr. Alexander the past summer, is another Centenary man, who went to L. S. U. He also has offices in the Majestic building.

* * * *

Thomas C. W. Ellis, class of '55, is a district judge in New Orleans, and was for a long time a lecturer in the Tulane law school. Judge Ellis is one of the most widely known men in the State, and probably the most popular man who ever held a chair in the law school. He, like most Centenary men, has always stood for the best in politics, and the city of New Orleans and State of Louisiana is better because he lived and was active for the right.

Rev. Charles W. Carter, D.D., father of Rev. C. B. Carter, financial agent of the college, is superannuated and located at Natchitoches, La. He is one of the most eloquent men who ever preached in Louisiana. For several years he was president of the college, and did much to make it a success. The old Centenary men today are as glad to meet Dr. Carter as they are to meet their old classmates or their particular college chums. He was also a member of the class of '55.

* * * *

Rev. R. H. Harper, who attended the college about 1905, is stationed at Natchitoches, and Rev. S. L. Riggs, who was at school with him, is stationed at St. Francisville, La. Both are rapidly rising in the ministry.

Robert Alexander, '05, is a physician in charge of the Missouri Pacific Hospital at Kansas City, Mo.

John B. Bukrett, who entered in 1900, is a real estate agent located at Hattiesburg, Miss. He was married on February, 1908, to Miss Mary Katherine Lokey, and has one child, a boy, born this year. Burkett is one of the boys who is doing well.

* * * *

Dr. S. Y. Alexander, Coroner of Caddo Parish, is an old Centenary man. He attended the college one session and then went to L. S. U. His offices are in the Majestic building.

* * * *

Heber Wadley, who attended Centenary in 1904, is a professional baseball player in the Cactus League.

* * * *

Lambert O. Clark, '00, is a doctor located at Lafayette, La. He was a member of the Franklin Institute, and represented that society in the contest for the McGehee medal in 1901.

LOCALS.

Vaughan's head looks as though cigar stumps, boards and fists have coincided with it.

* * * *

Ask the Roger Brothers if they intend to ever hunt without license again. We understand that they paid a nice fat price for the last ducks they brought in.

* * * *

Ask Cudd whether it is nice for you to kiss your girl. If he says it is not, you had better agree with him.

* * * *

Professor Jones has acquired the habit of taking the babies to the moving picture shows. That's nice. Anything to please the children.

* * * *

Father and Mother—or in other words, Hundley and Humphreys.

* * * *

The question has been asked, why old single professors prefer young girls. Apparently they come early to avoid the rush.

* * * *

You have heard of a person being a whole cheese, but have you ever heard of a person being a whole football team Then you have never heard of Honeycutt.

* * * *

We are all affected by the melodious voice of Father. The charms of his music place him on equal footing with Israfil, whose heartstrings are a lute.

The State Normal at Natchitoches has more pretty girls than could be expected of an institution having so many ugly boys.

* * * *

John Mercer and Almer Wyche visited home folk recently.

* * * *

Have you heard Ford laugh? Well, anything will warm the cockles of his heart, thereby causing an eruption.

* * * *

We have received the subscription of Jasper Goodwill. The happy jap has not forgotten us.

* * * *

The girls haven't done much basket ball playing as yet. Some of the boys think that they dress up only to look pretty.

* * * *

Why don't you pay your subscription to the Maroon and White?

* * * *

Ah! XX Gim'me a rose——!

—Prof. Beckwith.

Y. M. C. A.

The second month of our Y. M. C. A. has shown improvement along several lines. The attendance on the devotional services has been good and shows a growth of interest in this department of our work on the part of the student body at large. The devotional committee has had Mr. Baird as an outside speaker to address the Association on the subject of "Prayer." They expect to have other addresses delivered on different subjects which are of special interest to the student body.

The Bible Study classes have been organized and placed under the charge of leaders. Mr. W. F. Henderson has the class in "Men of the Old Testament"; Mr. Griffin is leading the class in "Life and Works of Jesus According to St. Mark," while Mr. H. C. Henderson has charge of the "Studies in the Life of Christ."

The Mission Study classes have been organized with a very good enrollment but have not met yet, as the books have not come. There are to be two courses in Mission Study, one on China and the other on Japan. These courses are very interesting and instructive from the standpoint of History as well as Missions, and it is hoped that a great number of the students will see fit to take up one of them.

The Association is glad to greet our president, Mr. D. L. Griffin, who has again joined our ranks. He comes back to us full of enthusiasm for the advancement of the work.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.**Centenary vs. L. I. I.**

On the morning of October 16, our football team, led by their gallant little coach, departed for the city of Ruston to play the strong team of the L. I. I. While our hope of victory was slim, nevertheless, we did not expect to receive such a drubbing as we got at the hands of those Industrial boys. For the first few minutes of play the game was close, but soon the superior weight and playing of the L. I. I.'s began to tell on The Marooners, and it was only how large a score they would pile upon us. The first half ended L. I. I. 20, C. L. C. O. The second half was simply a walkover for the Industrial boys, as they scored 40 more points, making the total 60 to 0. During the game Jackson was knocked out for the entire time, Willis was knocked out three times, but the gritty little end continued throughout the game, and his playing was the feature.

* * * *

Those L. I. I. boys were bad, but O, that Henderson bunch! The Centenary team, after having had a little experience with the Ruston boys, now rambled up to Arkadelphia, Arkansas, on October 26, only to be waltzed upon to the tune of 83 to 0 by the Henderson College team. We held them for a while, but they soon got bad, and began to pile up a large score. The feature of the game (on our side) was the playing of Johnson, while all the boys did well. They were about 25 pounds to the man heavier.

* * * *

The Peerless team of the city and The Marooners met at Athletic Park on November 9th to play off their tie game. The first half resulted in neither side scoring, and it was only in the last two minutes of play that the Peerless squad managed to block a kick, thereby scoring a touchback, making the game 2 to 0 in favor of the Peerless. The Peerless team proved themselves to be good squabblers, as they kept up a continual howl.

* * * *

Centenary vs. State Normal.

After having suffered several defeats, but with the never-give-up spirit, the Marooners journeyed down to Natchitoches November 12 to play the Normal.

The game opened with a kickoff by Johnson of Centenary. The first half was a series of bucks and forward passes and ended without a score. When the whistle blew our boys had it on the Normals three-yard line, and were marching straight for their goal.

THE MAROON AND WHITE

The second half began with a terrific onslaught by the Normals, and in the first scrimmage Honeycutt, who got the ball, was knocked out and the game delayed for several minutes. It was thought for awhile that Honeycutt was seriously hurt, but finally the attention of several physicians brought him around, but not sufficiently to re-enter the game.

Up to this time our team had somewhat the advantage, and all the boys had been playing the game of their lives. Play was resumed and the battle was fierce. The Normal, by terrific bucks, finally scored a touchdown, but failed to kick goal. Centenary, having been weakened by the loss of Honeycutt, was unable to reach goal, and the Normal scored twice more, two touchdowns being made in which goals were kicked, making the score 17 to 0. The second half was half over and Centenary fought desperately to keep from a shutout, but without avail. During the second half the Marooners made some brilliant plays and advanced the ball many times within a few feet of the goal. The work of the following men deserves notice: Willis, Johnson, Honeycutt, Hundley, Whittington and Boddie. Considering that our boys were outweighed by over 20 pounds, it must be said that they played a plucky game.

* * * *

The team is keeping up practice on account of their Thanksgiving game with the Athletic Club of the city. This is their last game of the season, and here's hoping we will score, at least.

* * * *

Coach Hinton was unable to accompany the team to Philadelphia on account of illness.

* * * *

We regret very much to announce that the game with Haynesville has been called off on account of financial conditions.

* * * *

It is the intention of the management of the Maroon and White to have the pictures of the football team in the next issue.

Tennis.

We now have three courts, and all seem to be doing a rushing business.

With such players as Messrs. Baird, Honaker, H. C. and W. F. Henderson, and our three Professors, Hinton, Jones and Beckwith, Centenary expects to win against all comers in single or double sets this year.

See Walter H. if you care for a lady to play with. He is the Kid.

Basket Ball.

Prof. H. C. Henderson has organized a co-eds basket ball composed of the following: Misses Atkins, Brewster, Davis, Harwell, Kessinger, Lane, Lyon, L. and C. Steele, Sterett and D. Weber. They seem to be progressing nicely in their team work. Young Warlick is their mascot.

Base Ball.

Since this is off season in base ball, little can be said, but with the material already on hand, it is safe to surmise that Captain Willis will be able to put out the best team in the history of the college.

* * * *

Pyburn, Grounds and Frierson are sure to make the team, for they nearly throw their arms off each afternoon.

* * * *

Manager Beckwith says that he has arranged several games but the dates are not yet settled.

* * * *

Hugh Jamieson is still in the land of the living. The Doctor no longer boards at the dormitory but has taken up his abode in Bossier City.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The Review of Hamilton, Ohio, takes a careful survey of every phase of magazine editorship. Be sure and read "The Teacher from the Standpoint of the Pupil" and "The Difference."

* * * *

New Prep (in shower bathroom)—"How in the dickens am I going to take a bath on the floor?"

* * * *

Read The College Reflector. It is one of the best magazines on our table and naturally we are deeply interested in it.

* * * *

"Well, how did you like the Normalite?"

"She made a lasting impression alright—she sat on my hat."—Ex.

A Toast.

Here's to the man who fights for the school
 On the football field, so gory,
 But away forever with the bigoted fool
 Who plays for personal glory.—Ex.

* * * *

Clubhouse Grub. Hebrews, 13:8.—Ex.
 (Dormitory students, look up your reference).

* * * *

Professor—"Mr. H., what would you call a man who pretends to know everything?"

Mr. H.—"Why, a professor."

* * * *

The Maroon and White is glad to welcome The Purple and Gold and anticipatess the future numbers with pleasure. There is much good reading matter to be found in the magazine and nothing will prove more enjoyable reading than the short essay on Robert Burns.

* * * *

We have received the first number of The Purple and White, and wait eagerly for a second.

* * * *

You never fool yourself more than when you think you're fooling your instructor.—Ex.

* * * *

The sheath gown came, and we poor men
 Thought women were insane;
 But, O my Lord! that's nothing now—
 Just look at the Mary Jane!—Ex.

* * * *

"You know, I can't see much difference between a 'Freshie' and a Senior.'"

"You can't, eh?"

"Well, what's the difference, anyway?"

"O, about ten years, usually."—Ex.

* * * *

"A little kissing now and then
 Is relished by the best of men."—Ex.

* * * *

A youth, a book,
 A lass, a look,
 Books neglected,
 Flunks expectd.—Ex.

GEMS FOR THOUGHT.

Be chaste as a lily. Never was this exhortation more needed than now, when men are trying to legalize impurity. Young men, shun all unchastity.—Spurgeon.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can well, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.

Energy can do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a man without it.—Goethe.

Purposes, like eggs, unless they are hatched into action, will run into decay.—Smiles.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.—Rousseau.

Our reward is in the race we run, not in the prize.—Rogers.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—Holmes.

Poets, like painters, thus unskilled to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.—Pope.

Am I mad that I should cherish that which bears but bitter
fruit?

I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.
—Tennyson.

Character is what we are; reputation is what others think
we are.

Beneath this stone my wife doth lie;
She's now at rest, and so am I. —Old Epitaph.

Be the noblest man that your present faith, poor and weak and imperfect that it is, can make you be. Live up to your present faith. So, and so only, do you take the next straight step forward as you stand strong where you are now; so only can you think the curtain will be drawn back and there will be revealed to you what lies beyond.—Phillips Brooks.

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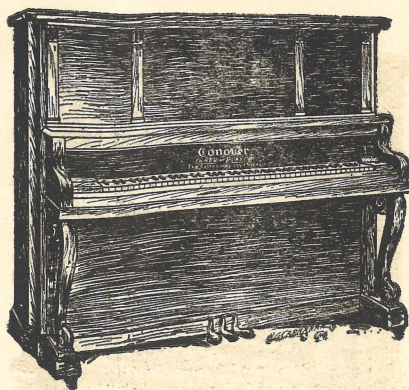
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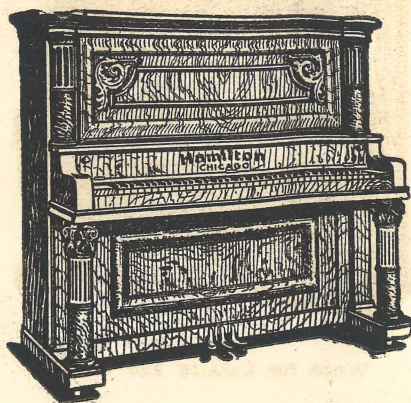
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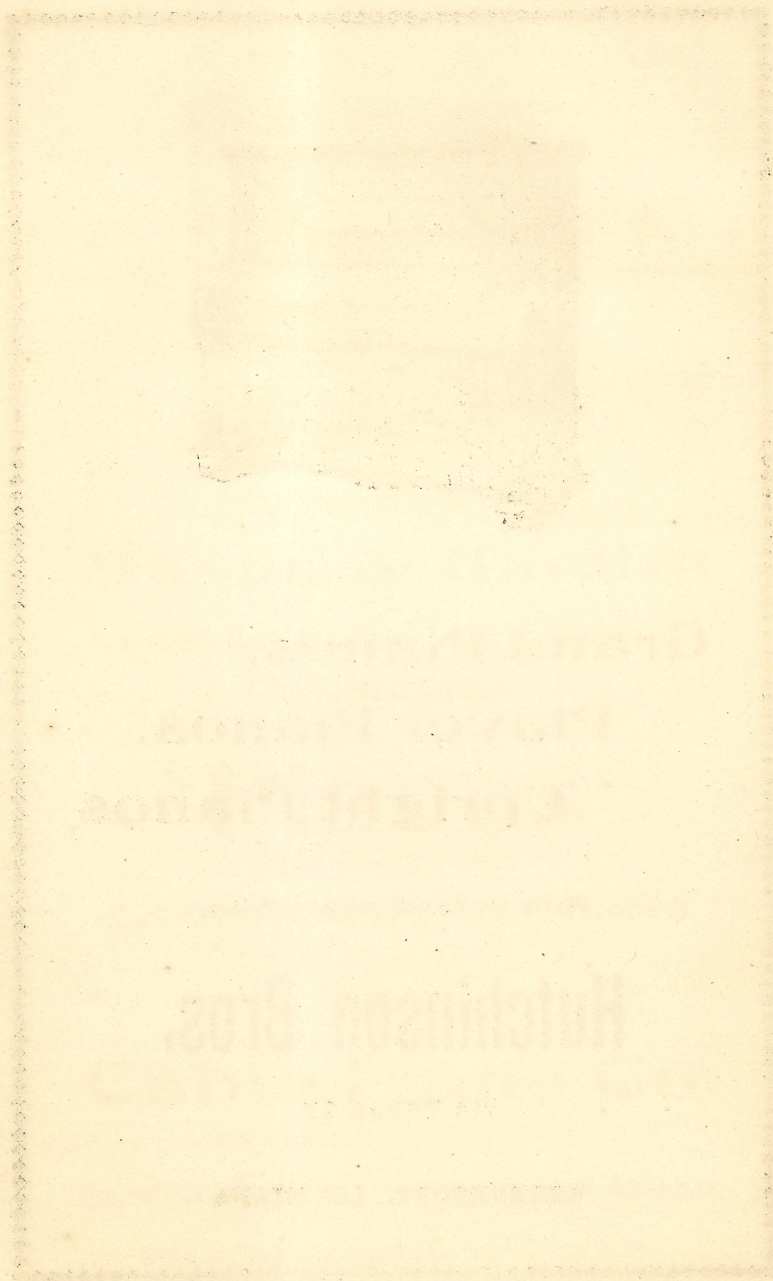
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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

* *

William Cullen Bryant.

(1794-1878.)

At Cummington, Mass., November 3, 1794, William Cullen Bryant, an eminent American poet and journalist, was born. His father was a physician and surgeon. Bryant was a precocious child, frail in body and of a very nervous temperament. At the age of four he was sent to the district school.

In his ninth year he began to make verses. His father ridiculed some of them and endeavored to teach him to write only when he had something to say, a lesson by which he profited in after life. He was encouraged by his maternal grandfather to paraphrase the first chapter of the book of Job. He showed everything he wrote to his father who encouraged all his efforts. Bryant's early childhood was spent in reading and studying. Being surrounded by the best influences, he gained an unquestioning faith and his oft-repeated prayer was that he might sometime "write verses that should endure."

In 1808 he published a poem with the following title: "The Embargo, or Sketches of the Times. A Satire by a Youth of Thirteen." The poem attracted some attention and was favorably noticed by the "Monthly Anthology." A few months later he published a set of poems, the longest of which was "The Spanish Revolution."

After a few months preparatory study Bryant entered the Sophomore class of Williams College. He desired a wider course of study than this college then offered, so after two terms there he applied himself to study at home, intending to enter Yale. His father's restricted means prevented him from doing this, and his college days came to an end. In 1813 he began the study of law in the office of Judge Samuel Howe of Worthington. Here he was supplied abundantly with good books to read.

Either in his eighteenth or nineteenth year he had written "Thanatopsis." Contrary to his usual custom he had not

shown this poem to his father but had left it on his father's desk. One day in 1817 as Dr. Bryant was looking over some papers he found the manuscript of this and scraps of other poems. Without his son's knowledge he took these to the "North American Review," in which they were published.

Having completed his legal studies Bryant was admitted to the bar in 1815. He opened an office in a little town about seven miles from his home town. In the December of 1815 as he was walking home, feeling depressed, he was attracted by the sky, crimson in the west after the going down of the sun. As the young poet stood, a solitary bird was flying along the glowing horizon. The lesson of faith it taught, he expressed in his ode "To a Waterfowl." He feels that,

"He who, from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

After spending eight months in Plainfield, Bryant entered into partnership with a young lawyer in Great Barrington, where he set to work at his profession. It seems that he attempted to abandon poetry, only as a pastime, lest it conflict with his work. The publishing of "Thanatopsis" opened for him a literary career through the North American Review. He contributed his first articles in prose, "An Essay on American Poetry," and an essay on the use of the "Trysyllabic Feet in Lambic Verse.

In 1820, Dr. Bryant died. His son mourned him for many years and refers to him in the poems "Hymn to Death" and "The Past." In June 1821, he married Miss Fanny Fairchild, to whom he inscribed the charming verses "Ah Fairest of the Rural Maids," and long afterward the noble poem, "The Future Life," the second verse of which reads,

"For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought."

A few months after his marriage he was surprised by a request that he should deliver the poetical address at the next Harvard Commencement. In response he delivered his poem, "The Ages," a rapid summary of the history of mankind from the earliest periods. Bryant's friends persuaded him to publish his poems and they appeared in a small volume containing

"The Ages," "To a Waterfowl," "The Fragment From Simonides," "The Inscription for the Entrance to a wood," "The Yellow Violet," "The Song," "Green River," and "Thanatopsis."

During the years of his residence in Great Barrington, Bryant's reputation as a lawyer grew and his practice increased. But quitting law he established in Boston the "United States Literary Gazette." To it he contributed some of his most beautiful poems, including "March," "After a Tempest," "Autumn Woods," "Hymn to the North Star," and "The Forest Hymn." In 1829 Bryant became editor of the "Evening Post," a position which he held for half a century.

Bryant's career as a journalist covered many eventful years in our history. He traveled much, writing of his adventures. Accounts of his traveling are under the titles: "Letters of a Traveler," "Letters From the East," etc. In 1869 and 1871 were published in blank verse the Iliad and Odessy of Homer.

Bryant's active life ended only with the close of his earthly existence. At 80 there was nothing old about him. His senses were perfect. His eyes needed no glasses; his hearing was fine.

On May 29, 1878, Bryant, then four score and four years' old, delivered an address at the unveiling of the bust of Mazzini, in Central Park, New York. The day was hot and the poet stood with head uncovered, exposed to the sun. The result was that he died in fourteen days.

Perhaps no poet in American literature has gone as deep into the philosophy of life as did Bryant. His early life having been spent where nature was paramount, he studied the meaning of all God's creation. His style of writing is simple and intelligible and touches the finest chords of taste and feeling. The beautiful, sublime and pathetic are simple and natural and marked by an unconsciousness of effort Bryant throughout shows a profound trust in God. In every cloud he sees the work of the great Creator and His purpose. In every change of weather he sees a change for good to some of God's children.

A. W. W.

An Essay.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the breath of the roses will linger there still."

In using these words the author expressed more than appears on the surface. The greatest truths are often couched in the simplest language, and the greatest sermons are preached in a sentence.

Let us look deeper into these words and get the great

truth that lies underneath the surface. The vase typifies the human body, and the breath of the roses the influence of character.

Looking back through the years that have passed, we see many instances of the physical being as it ceases to exist, but the deeds and thoughts go on and on, becoming larger until all the world feels the influence of them.

At times Shakspeare utters truths that to us seem to come from one who is thoroughly versed in the affairs of men, but it was in a pessimistic mood that he said, "The evil men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." Had he lived to see some of the characters that the nineteenth century produced, no doubt he would have taken that passage from his writings and substituted lines that would portray the true state of affairs.

Let us begin with Martin Luther. Persecuted in life,, spending a part of it behind prison bars, living a life of misery on account of the principles which he advocated, he gave to the world ideas which, long after his death, were received by the world as among the greatest ever conceived by mortal man and which are today the basis for the Protestant religion.

In the class of authors, John Bunyan stands perhaps the greatest from the standpoint of morals. While in prison for inability to pay a debt, he conceived the idea of writing an extended allegory which should be a word picture of the ordinary man trying to serve his Maker in an acceptable way. The construction of the pyramids was child's-play compared with the task which confronted him. He had not only to present the true state of affairs, but present it in such a manner that it would interest the people whom it meant to guide. His body, poor, weak and frail though it was, contained a mind which composed "Pilgrims Progress," a book second in rank only to that greatest of all books, the Bible, and being read by thousands every year guides them onward and upward.

Going on let us look at that marvelous man, Sir Isaac Newton. Laughed at by men and living apart from society he thought out the reason why the apple falls to the ground and gave to the wondering world the hitherto unknown laws of gravity and gravitation. Not content with this triumph, he began studying the Heavens and stands today as one of the greatest astronomers.

Coming nearer home, let us look at a man who is world-renowned. Because he was a native of our beloved Southland, and more—a native of our own State, we take pride in pointing to the memory of the greatest naturalist the world has produced, Audubon. It has been said that there are "Books in

rocks and sermons in running brooks." Truly this great child of Nature realized this and gave to the world a heritage which cannot be equalled.

On a day that the world shudders to recall, a band of men are seen just outside the walls of a city, and from their dress may be recognized as soldiers. As they press forward along the road a figure appears dressed as an ordinary man, but staggering under the weight of a cross. The features of the soldiers are harsh and coarse—but behold Him whose face is as the face of an angel! He bears his cross until, overcome by its weight, he sinks to the ground. And on that day, at the same time the blackest and brightest in the whole world, He is crucified on this same cross to atone for the sins not yet committed by the world, and with his dying breath prays, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Thus ends a life in the mortal body, the greatest that has ever existed in this world. He came into this world of sin and suffering, lived and died that his influence might be seen and felt as long as the world stands. And where is the place that has not heard His blessed name and His power to forgive sins?

Truly, the good we do lives after us in this world and goes on and on; like the waves caused on the surface of a pool, until all with whom it comes in contact are influenced to a greater or less degree.

It has been said that we are a part of all with whom we come in contact; and none the less is it true is it that all who come in contact with us are a part of us. How careful then should we be to conduct ourselves at all times so that that which lives after us should point onward and upward to Him who, with his forgiving nature said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

W. F. H.

For Men Only.

If there's anything worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know;
But, you bet, she'll find it out some how
If she gets the least kind of a show.
Now we'll wager ten cents or a farthing,
This poem she's already read—
We knew she'd get at it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.—Ex.

* * * *

No matter what you want to know, Pyburn is the final authority.

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VOL. VIII.

SHREVEPORT, LA., JAN.-FEB., 1910

NO. III

EDITORIAL.

Every line of college work is steadily progressing. The Y. M. C. A. is doing a splendid work, building up the moral tone of our institution. The Union Literary Society has a full attendance and the members are deriving great benefit from this source. The Athletic Department is very busy. Work has already been started on 1910-11 schedule. All of these organizations are very essential and reserve the earnest support of every student.

A man has no right to express an opinion on any subject unless he is thoroughly familiar with the question at issue.

The safe plan in all things is to keep a closed mouth. Many an innocent person has suffered on account of some thoughtless remark or idle talk.

All students intending to speak at commencement ought to begin work. Don't put it off until the last week or two.

In the November issue of the "Maroon and White" there was a short story by P. M. Brown, Jr. We want more from his pen.

Junior—Does Maudie like that moustache of yours?

Senior—No, she set her face against it from the first.—Ex.

* * * *

Hotel Clerk—A room with a bath is \$3 per day, Colonel.

Prominent and influential citizen from dark and bloody ground—Yes, but that's not what I want. What does it cost with drinks?—Ex.

LOCALS.

Some of the boys have organized themselves into a dramatic club. They mean to tour the country during vacation. We can't prophecy how long it will be before the bubble will burst.

* * * *

Kerchival Hudley is now reporter for "The Times." Say something good about us "Father."

* * * *

Some of the boys are organizing a male quartet. No better movement has been started, and those who have the matter in charge should not let it lag.

* * * *

James Gill is hungry
And why nobody can say,
For he eats all the morning
And sleeps the rest of the day.

* * * *

What about that basket-ball team? Come on, fellows, and let's make the thing go.

* * * *

Four boys held down the dormitory during the holidays. The faithful ones are D. L. Griffin, "Dick" Whittington, H. E. Gatti, and J. L. Cady.

Clint Willis has been elected Captain of the football team for 1910. Clint is one of the most promising of our athletes and we predict for him and the team great success. Besides his record as an athlete he is a perfect gentleman, and is just the man to represent us in the athletic world.

* * * *

(Student on outside of chapel Hall) What's that noise on the inside? Some one must be sick.

(Noise on inside) There, uh! is absolutely, uh! uh! no, uh! uh! uh!

(Student looking in) That's Prof. Hinton making a talk. His eyes are batting 40 to 1.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Our exchanges come on apace and every new one is welcomed with pleasure, for nothing will build up a college paper like the interest shown in the exchange department. It is well to examine the magazines that come to us, for there is not one of them that does not contain new ideas, many of which we might copy with great advantage to ourselves. We hope that next month will bring us even more college monthlies and weeklies than heretofore.

We are glad to have received weeklies from L. S. U. and Millsaps, and look forward to the time when each copy is due to arrive; we wish, however, that it would prove possible to add a few more sheets to each unumber.

* * * *

The Emory Phoenix, The Aurora and the Wesleyan are the Georgia representatives and are three of the best magazines that have found their way to our table. The Exchange and Literary departments of The Phoenix are especially good, and a short sketch entitled "Dooley's Letter" is very good reading. Both the Woman's College magazines contain good stories.

* * * *

We wish to offer our heartiest congratulations to Agnes Scott on the occasion of the endowment just raised for the college and wish her Godspeed and great success in the great work already begun.

* * * *

The Georgetownian gives us a good special number on football which should be highly enjoyed. This is the first number we have received from Georgetown and we are esure that having done as well on a special number, their general standard must be high.

* * * *

The Purple and Gold and the College Reflector have both been laid on our table and are excellent numbers of good magazines.

* * * *

The November number of the Wofford Journal is dedicated to the late James H. Carlisle. It will pay all of us I think to read the various tributes paid to this man by those who appreciate and know what he has done for Wofford.

* * * *

The Exchange editor may scratch on pen
Till the ends of his fingers are sore,
When some one is sure to remark with a jest,
"Rats! How stale! I've heard that before."

—Ex.

* * * *

"Does your son specialize along any particular line?"
Somebody asked a college graduate's proud mother.

"Oh yes," was the reply, "I heard one of his friends say he made a good record for himself on the rush line the last year he was in college."—Ex.

* * * *

The prudent Soph forseeth a zero and cutteth, but the simple Freshman passeth on and busteth.—Ex.

“Grandma did you like that gumbdrop?”
 “Yes darling it was sweet of you to give it to me.”
 “Towzer didn’t; he spit it out.”—Ex.

* * * *

Bobbie—“Auntie, did the Lord make us both?”
 Auntie—“Yes, darling.”
 Bobbie—“He’s doin’ better work now than he used to, isn’t he?”—Ex.

* * * *

A Love Story.

Chap. I—Maid one.
 Chap. II—Maid won.
 Chap. III—Made one.—Ex.

* * * *

Still Another.

You can drive a horse to water,
 But you can’t make him drink,
 You can ride a Latin “pony,”
 But you can’t make him think.—Ex.

* * * *

Senior.

I used to think I knew it all
 But now I must confess
 The more I know I know I know
 I know I know the less.—Ex.

* * * *

Teacher—“Willie, what is a rabbit?”
 Willie—“An animal with four legs and an anecdote.”
 Teacher—“What do you mean by an anecdote?”
 Willie—“A short, funny tale.”—Ex.

* * * *

Psychology.

I Excitation
 The sensation
 Expectation
 Trepidation

II Recitation?
 Hesitation
 Explanation
 Extrication

III Examination
 Degradation
 Notification
 Transportation

Ode to The Rising Bells.

Hear the A. S. rising bells
Brazen bells
What a tale of getting up their disturbancy tells
To the awakened ears of Freshmen;
With the Sophomores snores they blend;
To arousing lazy juniors
They ferociously intend;
To the conscience-smitten Seniors
What a pang indeed they rend;
In a clamorous appealing to the teachers one and all,
In a mad expostulation to the deaf and stupid hall,
Ringing on and on and on,
In the silence of the dawn,
In a resolute endeavor
Now—now to wake or never
Every member of the Fac,
Every Fresh and Soph intact
Every Junior, alack! alack!
Every Senior in fact
To the trials and the toils of the day.—Ex.

* * * *

The self-made man was speaking. He said: "My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us," and then his voice was drowned by applause.—Ex.

* * * *

She asked me
Would I help her
With her Latin
'Twas so hard!
Would I help her
Congugate that
Mean irregular
Old word
Disco. She just
Kept forgetting
The subjunctive
All the while!
Pretty lips so
Near, so tempting,
Tended strongly
To beguile.
Thought I'd teach her
By example
Didicissem?
I should smile.—Ex.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

In the spring of 1892, Old Banks was ordered to clean up the library at the old college, and get rid of a lot of rubbish which had been accumulating there for many years. I was a member of the Freshman class, and very much interested in the old books, and went over to the library in one of my rambles into that dusty past. I found Banks in high dugeon. Some of the students had generated a lot of H₂S gas, and the odor thereof, which can be compared only to rotten eggs, filled the room. But Banks was working and grumbling, and when he saw me he concluded that I was the guilty one, and that I had come over to see how the prank was panning out, and went to the president to report me. The odor was too bad to permit my going in, but among the rubbish which he had dumped just outside the door, I found an old catalogue and appropriated it. Ten years later while at the Tulane Law School, I showed it to Judge Ellis, one of the professors, and whose name was mentioned in it, and he annotated it for me. It was a rare treat to Judge Ellis, for it contained the names of many whom he associated with while a student at Centenary, and it took him back into the past which contained so much of interest to him. This catalogue and Judge Ellis' annotations thereon is described as follows:

The first page contains the following inscription: "Catalogue of the Officers and Students in Centenary College of Louisiana, for the Academical Year 1852-'53, Jackson, La. Southern Mirror Office Print, July 4, 1853." The Officers of the Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors were Rev. Wm. Winans, D. D., President; Hon. John McVea, Vice President; Rev. Wm. H. Watkins, Secretary. The Trustees were: Rev. Wm. Winans, D. D.; Hon. John McVea, M. A.; E. H. Wailes, Esq.; John W. Burruss, M. A.; Rev. Jamees H. Muse; Hon. Edw. McGehee; Ira Bowman; John Robson; S. H. Stockett; Jos. Carmina; E. T. Merrick (who became later one of Louisiana's greatest judges, being Chief Justice of the Supreme Court); and F. D. Richardson. Then follows a list of visitors, among whom may be mentioned Bishop J. C. Keener and Bishop McTyeire and Rev. Benj. Drake, D. D., Prof. J. C. Miller, who was elected president of the college in 1855, was the treasurer of College and Endowment Fund and Financial Agent. At that time, the State had supervision of the college and the Governor annually appointed visitors to the college to represent the State. Among those appointed that year by "His Excellency, Gov. P. O. Herbert" were John Perkins, Esq., of Madison parish, who later represented his district in Congress, and Judge Wm. Fergus Kernan of Clinton, La.

The faculty was as follows: Rev. Richard H. Rivers, President; Professors John C. Miller, H. W. Drake, Thomas S. Jones, Emile Lepage, A. E. Blackmar and A. G. Miller, with W. S. Compton and G. Merrick Miller at tutors. The only comment Judge Ellis made as to all those mentioned above is, "All dead except Bishop J. C. Keener, March 14, 1902." Since then Bishop Keener has also passed the great divide. How pathetic! At that time, Judge Ellis was 65 years old, and as he read over the names of his instructors and those who governed the college while he was a student, he exclaims "All dead!" The past, with all its memories, joys and sorrows, had been sealed by death. But the work they did still lives in such men as the Judge, who lives on and exemplifies the work Centenary did then and is still doing; and that past should do its part in moulding the characters which is being builded by the college now.

On page 6 of the catalogue begins the list of students. There were 17 Seniors, 18 Juniors, 43 Sophomores, 61 Freshmen, and 121 Preps. These students came from the following States, viz: Louisiana 163, Mississippi 53, Texas 2, Kentucky 2, Arkansas 2, Alabama 1, and Missouri 1, making a total of 234 students in the College. Let us hope that, within the next two years, the college will again enroll as many students, and that they will win as much honor and glory for the old college and for themselves as those men have.

The Roster of the students reads like a roll-call of Confederate regiment. In the Senior class Judge Ellis has appended the initials "C. S. A." after the names of Hannibal Carter, Capt. of Cavalry, W. W. Dunn, G. Merrick Miller, Wm. C. Pipkin, Robt. A. Pugh and Jas. W. Saunders. The Juniors have the following who enlisted: Haley M. Carter, Col., Allen Cook, Willis W. Davis (killed in battle at Jackson, La., 1863), L. S. Herreford, Josiah D. Nettles, P. Henry Swearington, Col., Chas. F. Thompson, H. Eugent Weathersby (killed in battle Franklin, Tenn., 1864), Jones D. Hamilton, Johnson McNeely and Wm. S. Vaughan (killed in battle 1864).

The Sophomores, Judge Ellis' class, has the following war record: A. P. Brown, surgeon; Jas. G. Carney; Chas W. Carter, chaplain (Judge Ellis says Dr. Carter fought the yankees for a while, then being unreconstructed and finding nothing that resembled them so well as the devil, he has fought that gentleman ever since); B. C. Chaney; Chas Delee; Edw. J. Deloney, Capt.; T. C. W. Ellis, Capt.; Paul Gourrier; Earnest Gourrier; John F. Keller, Capt. of cavalry; C. C. Lea; W. F. Norsworthy; R. L. Pugh; N. B. Sandle; Wm. B. Spencer; John D. Worthy; W. W. Hall; J. S. Young, Col. (who is now a

lawyer in Shreveport); and S. L. Singletary.

It would take too much space to enumerate all those who enlisted from the Freshman and Preparatory classes, but all through the catalogue, appears the notation "killed in battle," and shows that the war god claimed his quota of Centenary men, and taking toll at Shiloh, Manassas, Lookout Mountain, Gettysburg, and various other battlees in Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Arkansas and Louisiana. How many stories of the young soldier going to war and never returning which could be written of Centenary men, can never be known, but this old catalogue shows that the men of the old college did their duty, and were in the front ranks of their country's defenders. Their swords and rust, their bodies dust, but their influence still lives, and should prove an inspiration to all who are now preparing for the great battle of life.

After naming the students, the Alumni are set forth, beginning with David Phares, class of 1837, and ending with M. T. Carter, class of 1852. Behind nearly all of them he has placed the cross mark indicating "dead."

A lot of miscellaneous matter is then set forth. On page 18, I find that even then the standard for admission to the college was high, for it says: "All students must bring satisfactory testimonials of good moral character; and those from other colleges, certificates of dismission in good standing." Total of college charges were \$61 per session, with board at \$10 per month. The college library, it says, contained about 3000 volumes. Most of these books were destroyed by the yankees during the war. Of the Literary Societies it says:

"There are two Literary Societies connected with the Institution. These are of great utility to young men acquiring a liberal education—improving them in the art of public speaking, making them, in some degree, familiar with the proceedings of deliberative bodies, and cultivating systematic business habits."

There are other matters of interest in the old catalogue but I am afraid that the editor will use his blue pencil on this now, for I have rambled considerably. But my object has been to show the students a page in the brilliant history of Centenary, so they would realize that they have a high standard set up for them to follow; so that realizing that they are members of an institution grown gray in its country's service, they could feel the pride in the possession of such an educational mother. And as the years go by I hope that some student in the dim distant future may find an old catalogue of Centenary, and reading its pages, gather such inspiration as this old one has given to me, and which I am trying to hand over to you.

ATHLETICS.

The season for baseball practice has begun, and the boys are getting in good form. It is evident that we will have a splendid team, as Centenary holds some fine talent. Several of our boys could be holding places in a league team if they so chose. From what we can get, Mercer will probably hold first; Johnson, third; and Baird, second. It is rumored that Bob. Wyche will come back after February. If so we will have the same catcher as last year.

* * * *

The College is pleased with the arrangements made recently in forming the Athletic League between the Industrial, Normal, Centenary, Lafayette College and The Baptist College at Pineville. Come on, Centenary, let's lead the list.

* * * *

Let's work for a strong football team for 1910. We can have a strong one, and we will have it. Every student must keep his eyes open and help haul in a heavy lineup and we feel sure they'll do the rest.

* * * *

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, Ashley Warlick was elected Manager of the Football Team for 1910. Some time before Clinton Willis was elected Captain.

LOCALS.

Literary aspirants should give their hero the same name throughout the entire story in order to prevent unnecessary research on the part of the readers.

* * * *

Cocoa tastes awfully good, especially when made during certain hours.

* * * *

"Oh, where is mine leetle dog gone," sang the cook when he discovered that his sausage for breakfast during the night had been purloined by prowling Preps. preparing to preach pardon to penitents, and punishment for procrastinators and of the paradise prepared for pious persons.

* * * *

Study is once more coming to its former place. Most of the boys are recovering from the meditations and pleasant recollections of the last fond farewell at the gate the night of their return. Let our orators take notice and begin preparing so as to be able to represent us successfully in the Intercollegiate meet.

Gems For Thought.

Read not to contradict nor to believe, but to weigh and consider.—Francis Bacon.

* * * *

Knowledge of every kind is useful in proportion as it tends to give people right ideas which are essential to the foundation of right practice and to remove wrong ideas which are the no less essential foundations and fertile mothers of every description of error in practice.—Thos. H. Huxley.

* * * *

“Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.”—Cowper.

* * * *

Toward their superiors be humble, yet generous; with thine equals, familiar, yet respective; toward thy inferiors show much humanity.—“Advice to His Son,” from Lord Burleigh.

* * * *

Some darken their virtue in the show of it so that they be undervalued in opinion.—Lord Bacon.

* * * *

“Epicurus taught that virtue is the most efficient means of making life happy in so far as there can be nothing more satisfactory than to abide by the rules of wisdom and righteousness; to have no occasion for self-reprobaton; to be stained with no crime; to injure no one; to do all the good that is within us; in short, to fail in none of the duties of life, and from this he infers that it is only the good can be happy and that without virtue there can be no pleasure.—Fenelon.

With due respect our hats we raise
And honor Mrs. Steele with praise;
A grindstone soon we mean to buy
And once again our courage try.

—L. P. W. and W. F. H.

* * * *

She was walking down the street on day,
Her head up in the air.
Just then a hook came along that way
And carried away her hair.

* * * *

Fresh—Why is an owl considered wise?

Prep—Because he looks so much like a Latin Prof.

* * * *

Prep—Why do you say Prof. Hinton is getting younger?

Soph—Because his hair is shedding for another crop.

Ode to The Ox.

Old ox, old ox, how came you here?
You've ploughed the farm for many a year,
With kicks and cuffs and much abuse
You've now come here for College use.

Full many a year you've roamed the hills,
Through sleet and snow and many ills;
Through many years of younger life
You roamed the prairie, free from strife.

We wonder in our inmost heart
If 'twere your father played the part,
And worked for Caesar in his train
And needed not a guiding rein.

We know your forebears made much strife,
And caused the Stoic loss of life,
We get thee, still, with all thy faults,
And shall till we're enclosed in vaults.

We work on thee with might and main
And perspiration flows like rain;
We rave and swear like one insane
But know you'll come in hash again.

1st Fusser—I threw a kiss to a girl the other day.

2nd Fusser—What did she say?

1st Fusser—She said I was the laziest man she ever saw.—Ex.

* * * *

“Where are you going my pretty maid?”

“I'm going to sneeze, kind sir,” she said.

“Tell me what at, my pretty maid.”

“Atchoo, atchoo!” was all she said.—Ex.

* * * *

Daughter—Why he actually kissed me on the nose.

Mother—I hope you made him feel how entirely out of place
it was.—Ex.

* * * *

Longwinded Lover—“Ah me! and how can I show you all
I have in my heart for you?”

She (Desperately loved)—“Cut it out.”—Ex.

* * * *

The girl stood out where all could see
The fit and perfect grace;
The boys thought her a tree,
Passed on at a rapid pace.

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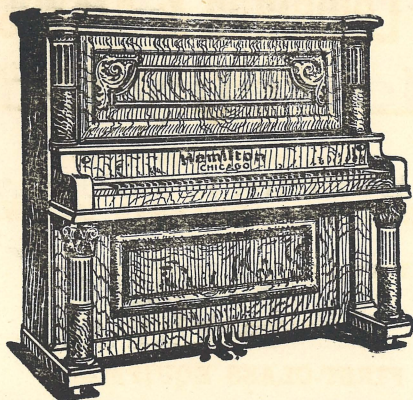
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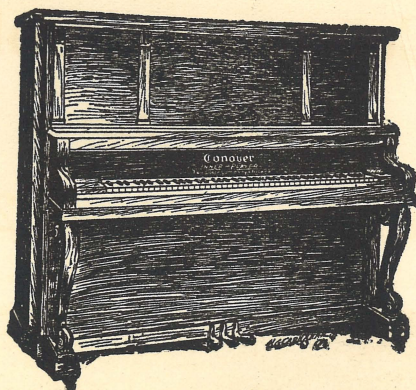
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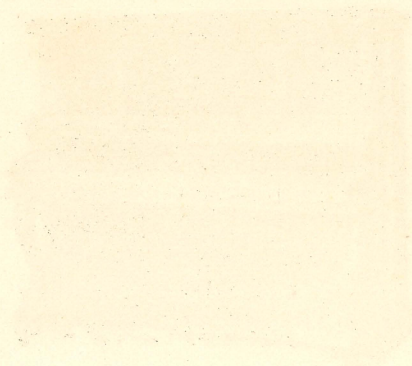
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